

Good Morning

58

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

WHO MURDERED MISS GILCHRIST?

NO crime of murder ever received such wide publicity as that for which Oscar Slater was tried. The controversy over his conviction continued for nearly eighteen years, and ultimately he was released from grey Peterhead Prison and handed £6,000 for compensation. And yet the whole of that controversy might have been avoided if one clue had not been missed; and the murderer of 82-year-old Miss Gilchrist would have been found.

On the night of December 21st, 1908, an urgent telephone message from the Fiscal's department in Glasgow was sent to Dr. Hugh Miller Galt, the famous medico-legal examiner. The time of that call was about 11 o'clock. Nothing much could be done at that late hour, apparently, but when daylight came Dr. Galt was at No. 15 Queen's Terrace, Glasgow, to investigate with other experts.

She loved jewellery

The facts of the case are briefly stated. Old Miss Gilchrist was very fond of jewellery. At 7 p.m. the previous evening she had sent her maid, Nellie Lambie, out for an evening newspaper.

When Lambie was out, a man named Adams, who lived in the flat below, was alarmed when he heard the sound of a fall and banging on his ceiling. He went up to Miss Gilchrist's flat and rang the bell. There was no reply.

A little later he went up again. On the staircase he met Lambie coming back with the newspaper. She had been gone only about ten minutes. Together they entered the flat with Lambie's key.

As they entered, a strange man was crossing the hall from a bedroom. So assured was his manner that he was allowed to depart without being challenged. He slammed the door behind him and was gone.

But inside the dining-room, when Adams and Lambie entered, lay the body of Miss Gilchrist. She had been battered to death. Professor Glaister was one of

the company with Dr. Galt that morning. The scene was just as Lambie and Adams had found it. Massive Victorian furniture, walls covered with oil paintings; a gloomy atmosphere. On the table lay an open magazine and a pair of spectacles. A chair had been pushed back from the table.

A brutal crime

The ferocity of the crime was revealed when the police pulled aside the skin rug that had



The murderer used the match to light the gas so that he might search for the jewels.

been laid over the body. A rain of savage blows from a jemmy or a crowbar had descended on the old head.

Dr. Galt told me later that never in all his experience as a pathologist had he seen such brutal injuries. Fifty or sixty blows had been dealt that defenceless old woman. A blood-lust murder.

The motive? In the bedroom a wooden strong-box had been wrenched open; some of its contents were on the floor. But the murderer had taken only a diamond brooch.

The police found in a plot of grass at the back of the house an iron auger. A few grey hairs adhered to it, but the auger could not have caused all the wounds. Every bone in the woman's head had been broken and four ribs besides.

On a table in the bedroom lay a box of matches, with one

Secret Weapon?

Stuart Martin asks you to join him in reconstructing and attempting to elucidate another UNSOLVED CRIME.

burned match beside it. The murderer had used the spent match to light the gas so he might search for the jewels. He had taken the brooch only, because that night Miss Gilchrist had placed most of her jewellery in a wardrobe, and the intruder had not had time to look.

The police cast their net wide. They found a fifteen-year-old girl, Mary Barrowman, who described a man she said she had seen running from the flat. They found that a brooch like the missing one had been pawned by a man named Oscar Slater, who traded in jewellery, and that Slater had gone to Liverpool and embarked for America under another name.

Oscar Slater was arrested in New York and brought back, charged with murder, after Lambie and Adams crossed the Atlantic to identify him.

Their evidence was unsatisfactory, but Slater, who constantly protested his innocence, volunteered to return and face the charge. In his luggage was found a claw-hammer. He wore a light overcoat and hat, such as might have been worn by the murderer.

Seeking evidence

Evidence of identification being weak, the Crown placed some weight on the hammer. They wanted it established that the hammer was the weapon used and that the overcoat was bloodstained. The only person who seemed to be sure on the question of identification was the young girl Barrowman; but she had seen the man only for a brief moment when he nearly collided with her.

Professor Glaister examined the hammer and the overcoat. A duplicate of the hammer was sent to Dr. Galt.

The professor, at the trial in Edinburgh, said he thought the hammer had recently been scrubbed clean. The Crown had given the instructions for bloodstain tests. He was not prepared to swear that stains on the coat were stains of blood.

Dr. Galt had already said that the duplicate of the hammer he had received might have been the weapon used if wielded by a powerful man. In spite of further inquiry, Dr. Galt could be no more conclusive.

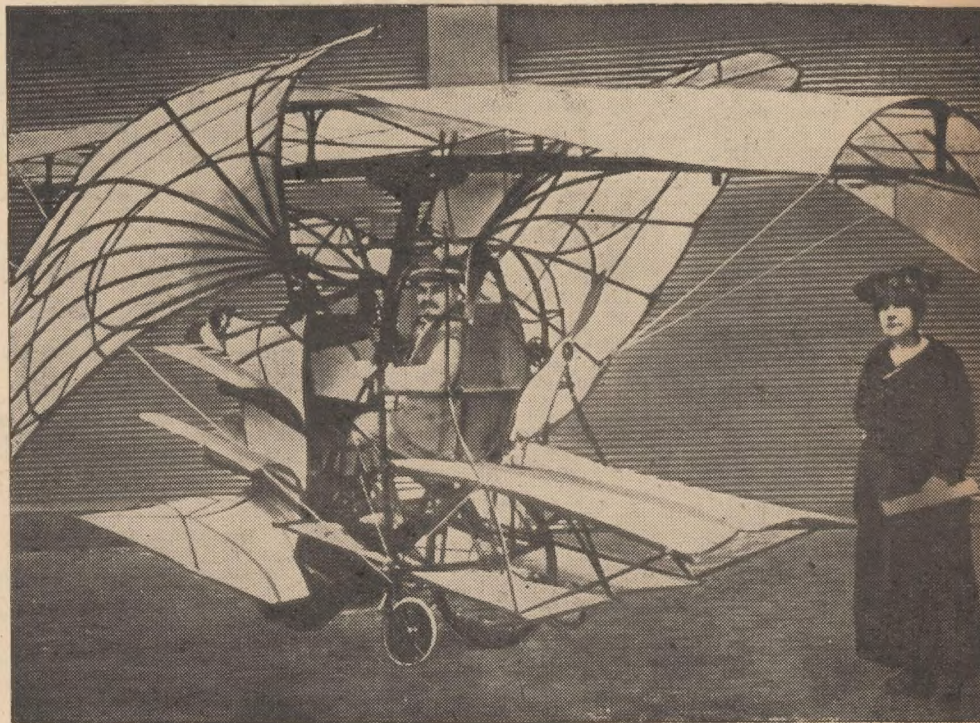
Slater, in his evidence, gave a good alibi, explaining why he changed his name, why he went to America, and his other movements. On the evidence alone, Dr. Galt told me, he expected the case to end with the Scottish verdict of Not Proven. The verdict was one of Guilty by a majority of three in the jury.

Oscar Slater hysterically burst out into a protest of his innocence. But he was sent to Peterhead Prison.

Conan Doyle and others took up his case. It was a long business, but ultimately Oscar Slater was freed after he had served eighteen years. In the proceedings that followed, the trial was quashed.

There have been many articles written, many theories put forward during those eighteen years. I know the arguments of most. But I have it on the word of Dr. Galt himself that the prosecution failed to find the murderer probably because of two small matters.

If it was, it would be a nightmare to the aircraft recognition experts of the Luftwaffe and to German U-boat Commanders. But, unless the lady on the right gave the pilot a lift, this aircraft never left the ground. You see, it was a 1908 model, built by a Frenchman. And if you young 'uns to-day can't conceive how he ever expected it to fly—turn to the back page, and you will see that he was not alone in his beliefs and his efforts.



I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

AT Shepherd's Bush I met Victor Beaumont, son of a former British Assistant Military Attache in Berlin. When I met him last week he was wearing the uniform of the Luftwaffe. He was playing the part of a Nazi airman in "We Dive at Dawn."

Born in Berlin, Beaumont spent his childhood with beautiful Brigitte Helm, who was his mother's godchild. He appeared with her in the sensational silent film "Metropolis" when he was thirteen and she was seventeen. Schooled at Berlin University and the Sorbonne, he holds degrees in psychology and education. In 1930, with considerable difficulty, he managed to enter Russia to study theatre craft and their educational methods. He wrote a book on his experiences, "A Seventeen-year-old Goes to Russia."

Of his meeting with Hitler, he said: "He gave me the customary weak, flabby handshake. It was in the early days before the fire got into his system."

Back in Germany in 1937, teaching English at a boys' school, he lived in an apartment house in a Berlin suburb. The complications of filling in extra forms to get butter were getting him down, and he was

due to return to England for a holiday. "I shall be damned glad to leave this b— country for a while," he said. He did not realise that the local office of the Nazi party was in the flat above. As a result of his comment, the Gestapo arrived at twelve o'clock next morning and arrested him on suspicion of being "an opponent of the



VICTOR BEAUMONT

The matchbox

When the Crown asked Professor Glaister to find bloodstains, if possible, on the hammer, the Crown never thought of taking the hammer-head off the shaft. Even if there had been cleaning of the shaft and head, some stains under the head might have remained.

The second and most damaging lack of evidence concerns the box of matches the murderer left behind. It was made clear at the trial that the murderer was not wearing gloves when he passed Adams and Lambie in the hall of the flat.

He must have left the print of his fingers on that matchbox and on the spent match. These were not examined scientifically, and the matchbox was not of the kind used in Miss Gilchrist's home. It was the murderer's own matchbox.

Who he was cannot now be known until the last Judgment of all.

The author of "A Bicycle Made for Two" was British-born Harry Dacre, who went to America in the '90's. As he was leaving the ship he found he had to pay a high duty on the bicycle he had brought along. "Lucky for you," said the Customs man, "that it wasn't built for two," meaning in that case he'd have to pay double for it. Dacre was struck by the odd Americanised way of describing a two-seater bike. The phrase lingered in his mind, and a few days later he wrote the song that has remained popular for fifty years. When no American publisher would accept it, he sent it back to friends in London, where it was introduced in a music-hall and became a tremendous hit.

"TWINS For A.T.S." That was the heading in a southern weekly newspaper. The object of the heading writer is to catch the reader's eye. That writer deserved a bonus.

What it meant was, that two girls, the daughters of a Home Guard Colonel, were joining the A.T.S.

But, then, I should have known.

ALL THE WINNERS

Fred Archer, himself the son of a jockey, was champion jockey 13 times in succession, had 2,749 winners, won the Derby five times.

He died in 1886—and his death was brought about through wasting to ride St. Mirin at 8st. 7lb. in the Cambridgeshire.

He caught a chill, which was followed by fever. In a fit of delirium, Archer seized a revolver and shot himself.

Gordon Richards beat Archer's record aggregate of 246 winners in one season when in 1933 he rode 259 winners.

That year, at the Chesham Autumn Meeting, he rode 11 winners in the 12 races and completed a run of 12 consecutive successes, which is a world's record.

One record which no jockey is likely to beat is Archer's average of winners. In 1874, 241 of Archer's 577 mounts were successful—an average of 41.76 per cent.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—21

1. Put the same three letters, in the same order, both before and behind the letters TO, and thus make a word.

2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: CHIMERA, BORAGE, BACCHARAT, VORAGED, ABEYANCE?

3. Can you change ARMY into NAVY, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? In the same way, change BEE into FLY, HEAD into TAIL, CARE into LESS.

4. How many four-letter words can you make out of the word CHRISTMAS?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 20

1. TELEPHONE. Remove the first six letters.

2. MISCELLANEOUS, BUCOLIC.

3. FIST, FAST, LAST, LASS, LOSS, LOSE, NOSE.

HATE, HAVE, LAKE, LOVE, NOTE, DOTE, DATE, LATE, LAME, CAME, COME, COMB, SAVE, SALE, PALE, PALL, BALL, BELL, SELL, SEAL, PEAL, PEEL, PEEP, KEEP.

4. Bell, Bull, Ball, Real, Meal, Male, Lame, Rule, Lure, Bear, Bare, Bale, Ream, etc.

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS

A spot of bother with the electric power cable in the countryside near Chorley, in Lancashire.

Engineers let down the wires, got busy, and had 'em all ready to pull up again.

Meanwhile, the gentleman with the cycle was trundling along a private road, across which the wires were lying.

As his machine went over the wires the hauling apparatus a quarter of a mile away began to haul. And, straddled on the wires between the wheel and the frame, up, too, went the cycle and rider.

The machine fell off, and the man on this accidental trapeze went hand-over-hand along the wires until he reached a pylon, down which he shinned.

THE DEATH OF NEMO

Epilogue

WHAT became of the *Nautilus* and Captain Nemo, her owner? The fate of both is revealed in a later volume by Jules Verne, "The Secret of the Island."

For a long time Captain Nemo continued to live under the sea. But one by one his companions died, and Nemo remained the solitary survivor. Alone, he navigated the *Nautilus* towards one of the submarine caverns which served him as a harbour, beneath a lonely volcanic island in the Pacific.

On this island, six castaways, headed by an American engineer, Cyrus Harding, found refuge. Nemo, while remaining in obscurity, aided them to live. They named their refuge Lincoln Island, and did much to colonise it.

But the island was in danger of being destroyed by the volcano. The *Nautilus* was imprisoned in its cavern by an elevation of basalt cliffs and could not pass through to the ocean. Moreover, Captain Nemo was sick unto death.

Feeling his end approaching, he sent an anonymous message to the six colonists to come to him, guiding them to the cavern by a wire. There, in an immense saloon of the *Nautilus*, they met their benefactor.

STRETCHED on a rich sofa they saw a man who did not appear to notice their presence.

Then Harding raised his voice, and to the extreme surprise of his companions, uttered these words:

"Captain Nemo, you asked for us! We are here."

The reclining figure rose, and the electric light fell upon his countenance; a magnificent head, the forehead high, the glance commanding, the beard white, hair abundant and falling over the shoulders.

It was evident that his strength had been gradually undermined by illness, but his voice seemed yet powerful, as he said in English:

"Sir, I have no name." "Nevertheless I know you!" replied Cyrus Harding.

Captain Nemo fixed a penetrating gaze upon the engineer as though he were about to annihilate him.

Then, falling back amid the pillows of the divan—

"After all, what matters now?" he murmured; "I am dying."

The Captain resumed his position on the divan, and, leaning on his arm, he regarded the engineer, seated near him.

"You know the name I formerly bore, sir?" he asked.

"I do," answered Cyrus Harding, "and also that of this wonderful submarine vessel—"

"The *Nautilus*?" asked the Captain with a faint smile.

"The *Nautilus*."

"But do you—do you know who I am?"

"I do."

"It is nevertheless many years since I have held any communication with the inhabited world; three long years have I passed in the depths of the sea, the only place where I found liberty. Who can have betrayed my secret?"

"A man who was bound to



At the point of death, Captain Nemo reveals his identity.

you by no tie, Captain Nemo, and who consequently cannot be accused of treachery."

"The Frenchman who was cast on board my vessel by chance sixteen years ago?"

"The same."

"He and his two companions did not then perish in the maelstrom, in the midst of which the *Nautilus* was struggling?"

"They escaped, and a book appeared under the title of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,' which contains your history."

In a few concise sentences Captain Nemo ran over the events of his life. Captain Nemo was an Indian, the Prince Dakkar. Instigated by princes equally ambitious but less sagacious and more unscrupulous than himself, the people of India were persuaded that they might successfully rise against England. Their ignorance and gross superstition made them the facile tools of their designing chiefs.

In 1857 the great Sepoy revolt broke out. Prince Dakkar was easily drawn into it. The sepoys were vanquished and the Prince escaped. Unable to find the death he courted, overcome by disappointment of his vain hopes, filled with hatred of the civilised world, a prey to profound disgust of all human beings, he

realised the wreck of his fortune and one day disappeared, leaving no trace behind. The warrior became the man of science. He built the *Nautilus* on an island, called himself Captain Nemo, and plunged beneath the seas.

"Now, sir," said he, "now that you know my history, your judgment!"

Cyrus Harding replied: "All great actions return to God from Whom they are derived. Captain Nemo, we, whom you have succoured, shall ever mourn our loss."

A tear glistened in the eyes of the dying man. "God bless you," he said.

Captain Nemo suffered no pain... but he was visibly sinking.

At length, shortly after midnight, by a supreme effort he succeeded in folding his arms.

NEW SERIAL

In our next number begins Herman Melville's famous

TYPEE

a story of adventure among the cannibal tribe of that name in the Marquesas Islands.

By one o'clock his glance alone showed signs of life, as if wishing in that attitude to compose himself for death. Then, murmuring the words, "God and my country," he quietly expired.

A few days later the colonists found their island in the throes of an immense volcanic eruption. The ocean had penetrated the cavern in which the *Nautilus* was imprisoned. An explosion, which might have been heard for a hundred miles, shook the air. Fragments of mountains fell into the Pacific, and in a few minutes the ocean rolled over the spot where Lincoln Island once stood. Captain Nemo and the *Nautilus* found their tomb far below the Pacific.

The colonists who had witnessed his death were rescued by a passing ship.

QUIZ for today

1. Where is the oldest existing democracy in the world?
2. What is the modern name for (a) Ytene, (b) Vectis, (c) Albion?
3. What priceless antique was smashed by a lunatic who ran amok in the British Museum?
4. What is the approximate weight of a cubic foot of coal?
5. What is the meaning of the names (a) Edward, (b) George, (c) William?
6. What thickness of ice will support (a) a man, (b) cavalry?
7. What was the old capital of England?
8. What is the origin of the term "Mews"?
9. Can you think of another name for palmistry?
10. What famous rock is officially a ship in the British Navy?
11. Who was the original "Robinson Crusoe," and who wrote the book?
12. What is a "Portuguese Man o' War"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Hero of Alexandria, about 50 A.D.
2. A fossil Ammonite found in Yorkshire.
3. (a) A newt, (b) an ant.
4. Charles Stratton, 31 inches high, born 1832.
5. From the Dutch: Schipper, Jacht Tafereel, Hoeker, Sloep.
6. "The Great Eastern," launched 1858.
7. East.
8. An imaginary line drawn through the East Indies by the naturalist, A. R. Wallace, to separate the islands with Australian animals from those with Asiatic ones.
9. Archimedes, about 250 B.C.

ODD CORNER

ACTORS are traditionally superstitious people. For fear of bad luck, no actor speaks the last line of his part during rehearsals. It is also unlucky to whistle in a dressing-room.

Some managements never permit anything green to be worn on the stage. Real flowers should not be used on a stage during a performance, and neither should peacock's feathers. If there is a picture of an ostrich in the scenery, some actors will refuse to go on the stage.

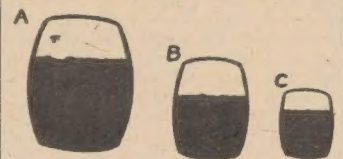
It is still bad form—and used to be unlucky—for actors to wear their stage clothes in the street. It also

bodes ill for a musician in the orchestra to play a yellow clarinet.

Many actors insist that Shakespeare shall never be quoted in a dressing-room, and it is universally held to be unlucky to quote "Macbeth" in a theatre. It is just as unlucky to sing Tosti's "Good-bye," or "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

If an actor's shoes squeak while he is making his first entrance, it is a sure sign that he will be well received by the audience. He may test his luck by tossing off his shoes in his dressing-room. If they alight right way up, all will be well. If not, not.

RUM BARRELS



Here are three barrels of rum. A. holds 8 gallons and contains 5 gallons. B. holds 5 gallons and contains 3 gallons. C. holds 3 gallons and contains 2 gallons.

Can you, by using only the barrels supplied, in two moves, leave one gallon in one barrel?

P.S.—The throwing of rum overboard is strictly forbidden.

JANE



Dinner is served in the royal castle of Cosmos...



I THINK THAT DUET OF OURS SHOWED THE COURT WE ARE UNITED, MY DEAR, IN SPITE OF THE SCANDAL CAUSED BY YOUR FLIGHT—



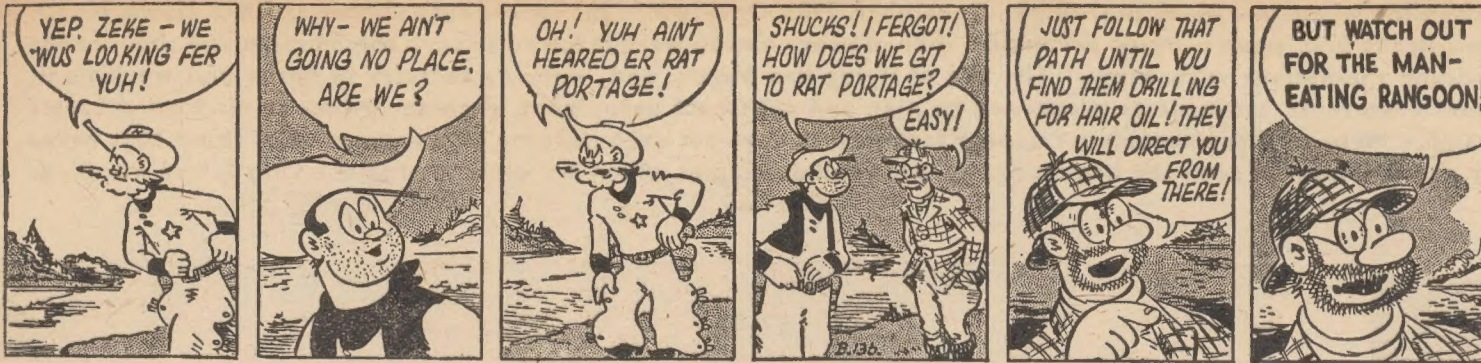
BUT TELL ME—WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME?—AND WHAT MADE YOU COME BACK?

IF ONLY YOU WOULD LET ME EXPLAIN—IF ONLY WE WEREN'T SURROUNDED BY ALL THESE PEOPLE—!

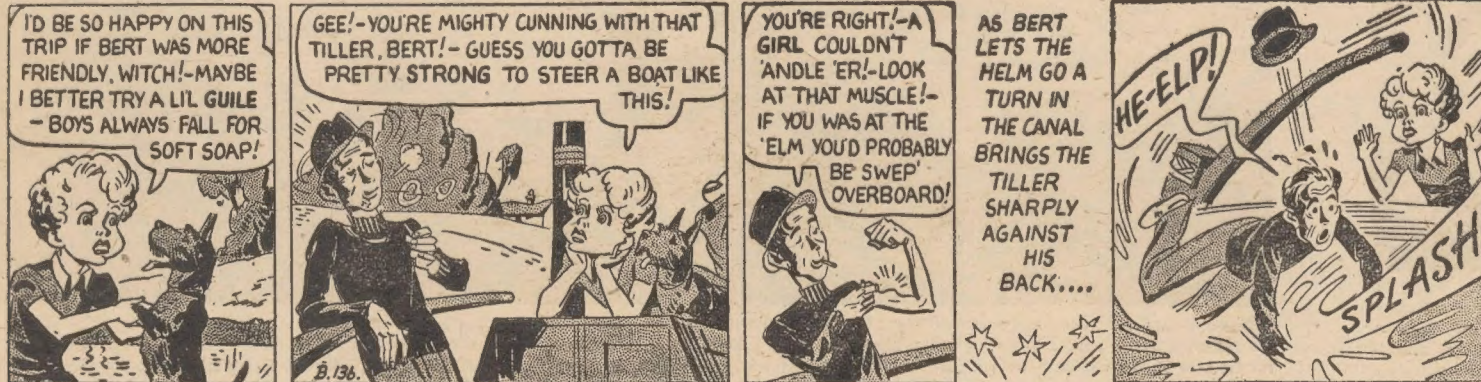


BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW?—ANYWAY, YOU HAVE RETURNED JUST IN TIME—FOR HAGEN INFORMS ME THAT A FEMALE SPY HAS BEEN MASQUERADING AS YOU—AND STIRRING UP THE PEASANTS!

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Knitting for Submariners

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

I HAVE known more than a few men in the Submarine Service who are great knitters. I have known men in the Royal Navy big ships who knit; and I have known soldiers, too, who employ their spare time in this way, too.

There is nothing effeminate in knitting. It is a craft that men may learn as well as women, and some of the finest work has been done by men. Not only so, but men who go to sea know exactly the kind of garments that they need, and if they can get the wool they save time and expense by knitting them.

Ever since the last war knitting has boomed. It is booming again. Long ago, in the Yorkshire dales, there existed the communities of "Terrible Knitters" of Dent and Gayle. They used curved needles and wooden knitting sheaths, and were so named because of their speed in knitting 200 A MINUTE.

Speed was essential in those days, for the people depended on their knitting for their livelihood. It was claimed for the Dent knitters—who gathered at "sittings"—that they could attain the speed of 200 stitches per minute.

In Wales, too, there existed bands of knitters, and in Merioneth children were taught to knit before they could speak almost. Women at the end of last century were able to knit a stocking per day. The prices gained for a pair were often as high as 10s.

But the apex of fashion has, for some reason or other, been claimed for the Shetland Islands. The Fair Isle patterns, which have been so great a vogue of late, are the patterns of the islanders themselves.

All the traditions of the islands have been maintained, and to-day the average woman in the Shetlands carries a pouch by her side to hold her needles.

It is a domestic industry in the Shetlands. The knitters tend their own sheep, spin and dye the wool, and make the pullovers and other garments.

The sheep of the Shetlands are small and their wool so fine that it can be lifted by the fingers and "rowed" away. Lichens and mosses supply the dyes, but chemical substitutes are now often used.

Some of the designs of the garments knitted by the Shetlanders have peculiar names—Ear o' Grain, Fern, Razor Shell, Print o' the Wave, Horseshoe, Cat's Paw, Bird's Eye, etc. **TRADITIONAL PATTERNS.**

The patterns have been handed down from household to household for generations, and each village may have its own particular designs to which it sticks.

The fishing jerseys of the Devon men were in the past always knitted both by men and women of the fishing villages. Appledore was noted as far back as the time of Henry VIII for its jerseys, which were without any seams and made of a continuous length of wool. They were usually, and still are, of a rather harsh indigo colour, and the needles were of steel, specially made.

Being both warm and hard-wearing, these jerseys sometimes commanded high prices, up to three pounds being paid for them. But they were worn for almost a lifetime.

In spare time there is no more interesting occupation than knitting, and an ordinarily intelligent person can spend many an hour making comforts such as jerseys, gloves, scarves, socks, and other articles which will save money and be of great service.

I knew a submarine man who spent a summer knitting a shawl for his mother. It was a lovely piece of work.

The Super Brains Trust

THE views of the world's wisest men are invaluable, but they are not necessarily final. The latest question we asked them was:—

Is it true that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and if so, how can we best occupy our playtime?

Seneca: "It is certainly true. Pleasure in moderation relaxes and tempers the spirit."

Byron: "I agree, but how are we to occupy our playtime? Life is too short for chess. I say, let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter."

Cicero: "Certain bounds must be observed in our amusements, and we must be careful not to carry things too far, and, swept away by our passions, lapse into shameful excess."

Dr. Johnson: "Indeed not, sir. A man cannot spend all this life in frolic."

Ovid: "One must also find time for exercise. The bow, if never unbent, will lose its power."

Cicero: "Yes, there is much to be said for exercise. Exercise and temperance can pre-

serve something of our early strength even in old age."

Martial: "I heartily agree, but there is one thing I can never understand. Why do strong arms fatigue themselves with silly dumb-bells? Trenching a vineyard is worthier exercise for a man."

Ruskin: "Something more than exercise is necessary, and that is amusement. It is not a noble thing, in sum and issue of it, not to care to be amused."

Dr. Johnson: "You are right, sir. Amusement is necessary, and amusement in the company of one's fellows. I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice."

Alexander Pope: "Amuse-

ANY IDEAS

for quizzes, jokes, puzzles or sketches?
WRITE TO US—ADDRESS ON BACK PAGE.

ment is merely the happiness of those who cannot think."

Dr. Johnson: "And what then, sir? The man who is not capable of intellectual pleasures must content himself with such as his senses can afford."

Hazlitt: "I think one of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. The contemplation of Nature is recreation enough for me."

Ruskin: "It is the best possible recreation, but out of reach, alas! of many dwellers in cities. Personally, I confess that I greatly enjoy the theatre. It is one of my pleasures that have least worn out."

Dr. Johnson: "If we are to make frank confessions, I should say this, that if I had no duties, and had not to consider the future, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman."

Well, the Super Brains Trust agrees that we should devote some time to pleasure,

but they differ as to the values of the different sorts of pleasure. Perhaps no single answer to the question is possible—or do you think you could make out a sort of universal prescription, embracing a little of everything good?

"Ignorance never settles a question."

Disraeli.

"Half-knowledge is worse than ignorance."

Macaulay.

"The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge."

J. A. Langford.

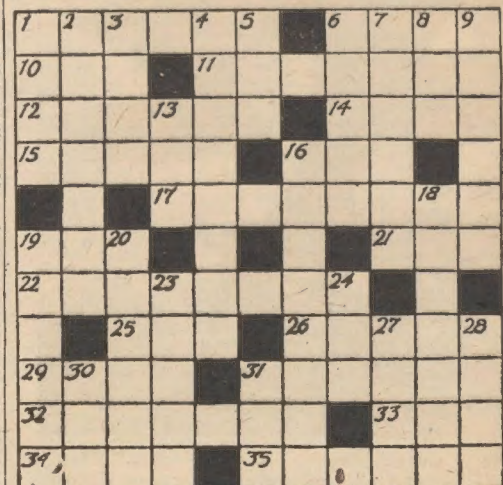
"Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise."

Shakespeare.

"One cannot know every-

Horace.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Boring tool.
6 Item of footwear.

10 Bird.
11 Not real.
12 Conclusion.
14 Ground for regret.

15 Engine.
16 Encountered.
17 Sky.

19 Acquire.
21 Poked.
22 Choice.
25 Method.

26 Bounded along.
29 Scolded.
31 Degree of confidence.

32 Pouchette.
33 Triumph.
34 Irritable.
35 Incidental action.

CLUES DOWN.
1 Roseaceous plant.
2 Palmated off.
3 Mould.
4 Wickedness.
5 Dram of liquor.
6 Strolling musician.
7 One.
8 Dull.
9 Using with vigour.
13 Garden tool.
16 Study of fungi.
18 Chrysalis of butterfly.
19 Tactless.
20 Pulling along.
23 Rice.
24 Negative word.
27 Catch for cog-wheel.
28 Repudiate.
30 Owned.
31 Fairy queen.

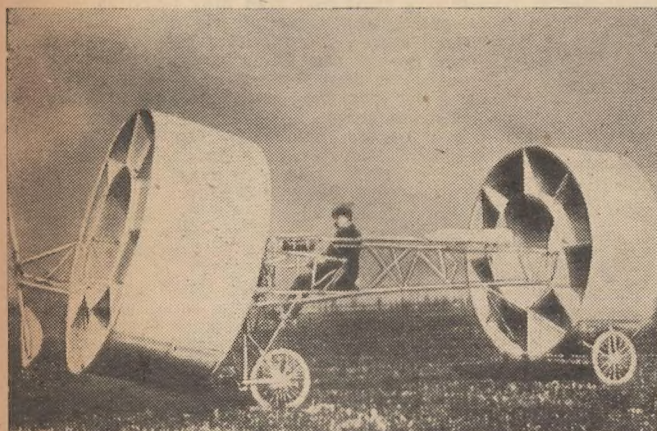
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RELAY CORAL
BRINE HORSE
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Good Morning

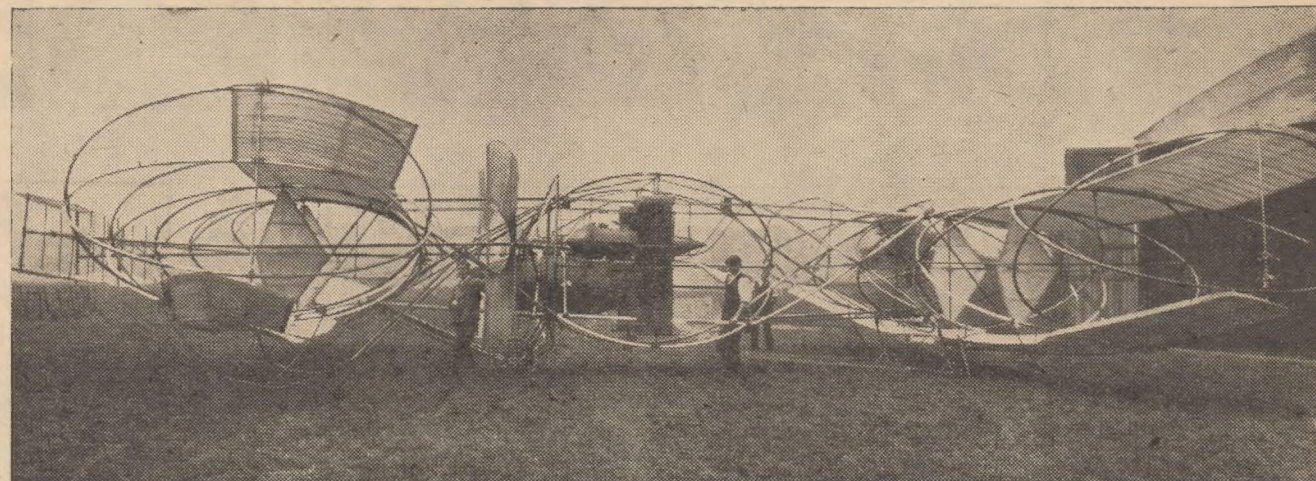
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

EARLY BIRDS THAT STAYED WITH THE WORMS

From the time when, one bleak morning in December, 1903, Orville Wright soared into the air at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in the first power-driven aeroplane, men of every nation were inspired to turn their brains and their hands to providing themselves with wings. The era of flying had begun, and, working secretly in barns and workshops, sheds and even tents, enthusiasts proceeded to plan and construct aeroplanes, each according to his own theories and design. Many of these aeroplanes appear fantastic to-day—yet even in some of the weirdest of those that never left the ground, may be seen the beginnings of ideas and principles which are embodied in the very latest war-birds of to-day.



This is the idea of a Frenchman, M. Givandau, who is seen sitting within the open-frame fuselage, which for many years and in many machines—up to 1914, in fact—was a fashion in aeroplane design. It was assumed that an open-work air-frame which allowed a free passage of air offered less head resistance—when in fact the reverse was the case. The circular arrangement of fore and aft "wings" with the fore-plane tilting for elevation was Givandau's idea of aeroplane design. It didn't work.



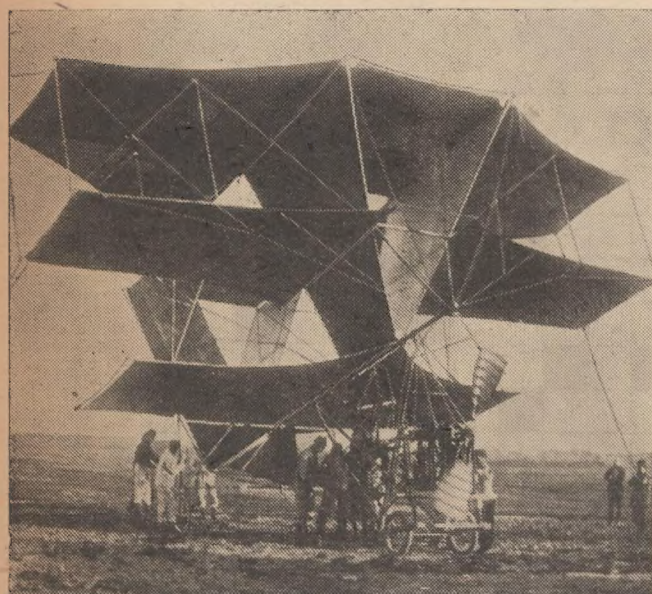
Above is an aeroplane designed by Lieut. Seddons in 1910—again with a fore-and-aft wing arrangement and centrally situated power plant driving twin airscrews by chain transmission. This was probably the first "twin-prop." aircraft. Note the dihedral angle—i.e., upward slope of wings from the centre, to be seen in all fixed-wing aircraft to-day. The air-frame and inter-plane strutting arrangement seems to be a hoop-maker's dream. If this machine had ever left the ground it would probably have folded up.



A typical aviator of the 1908-10 period. This is Mr. H. P. Saunderson, mounted on his monoplane. Note the bamboo construction of fuselage framework, with the wicker chair from the front parlour as the pilot's seat. These were draughty days for flying men who, nevertheless, flew (or attempted to fly) in cloth cap, starched wing collar and cravat.



Here is something which, in 1909, foreshadowed a feature which is standardised in many American aircraft to-day—the tricycle undercarriage. This one was never called upon to make a landing, however, because it never left the grass of Doncaster Race Course, where it is seen being towed out to its prospective starting point. It is the Mines aeroplane, an early attempt at the "pusher" type. Note the bicycle handlebars and the aviator's foot-rest on the front fork.



An early triplane is shown above. It never flew. Maybe it was blown over on the ground before it could become airborne, because you will note, the man on the extreme right holding the guy-rope of the port wing while a colleague (not in picture) provided similar anchorage to starboard. There were successful triplanes eventually—notably the Avro, the Sopwith, and the famous Fokker Triplane fighter of the last war.



In 1907, M. Ecqueville, a French enthusiast, put his idea of an aeroplane into practice. The four-wheeled multiplane shown here was the result. We don't know whether the two gentlemen on the right are the financial backers who can't bear the sight of their investment, but the fact is that this flying hoop-la never flew.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wish that man was finished with my chair!"

